



THE PURSE OF SILVER AND THE POT OF GOLD.



What One Dollar Will Buy—Pretty and Sensible Gifts Within the Reach of People of Limited Means.

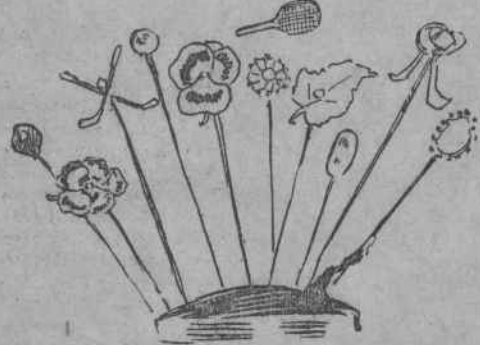
What One Thousand Dollars Won't Buy—A Jewelled Thimble Which Could Be Sold for Enough Money to Keep a Poor Family for a Year.

ONE dollar will buy a very decent Christmas present. You can get a pretty Dresden tea strainer for a dollar. You can get a seal with a stunning Austrian china handle. You can get a Benares call bell. You can get two delicious little silver salt spoons. You can get a high art bon-bon spoon, a pocket manicure set, a pair of cuff links, and a little duck of a bonnet brush, with a pretty handle. You can get a pair of tiny lace pins, of gold, with a gleaming opal apiece. You can get a pair of dainty hat pins, and a pair of pretty stick pins. You can get a delft jug, or a delft tray, or a delft cup and saucer. You can get a rose glass of Bohemian make. You can get a stunning little Oriental jar, and you can get a really pretty cheese plate, or a dainty glove basket. You can get a dear little memorandum book, with an etched cover, that will delight the new housekeeper. All for \$1 apiece. You can get a man's whisk broom, with a stunning handle. You can get a rabbit's foot paper knife, or a very good inkstand. You can get him a silver name-plate for his wheel, or a pair of good little silver sleeve links, or a Benares brass ash bowl, or a brass ash tray. If he writes, you can get him a cut glass pen tray.

But even as the children make the centre of all true Christmas celebrations, so the display made in behalf of

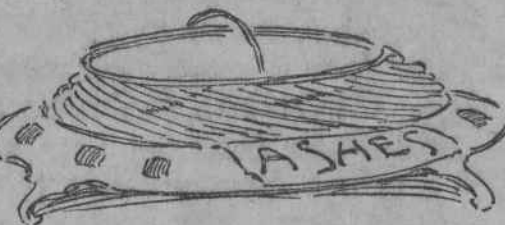
perishable things, and there are fine china sets for their elders, as well as toilet sets that are quite big enough for service. There are desks, too, and skates like boys', and sleds and tennis racquets, besides just the sort of story books that girls adore.

Among newer things there are ninepins that are brownies, games that are to be played with pretty colored balloons, baby dolls all wrapped in the traditional rabbit skin, and tiny stoves in which real fire can be made, and on which real cooking can be done. Besides these things, dolls' jewels abound, and fine Nonh's arks well stuffed with animals, and, in fact, whatever the age, state or condition, one dollar can be trusted to send loving greetings to a friend.



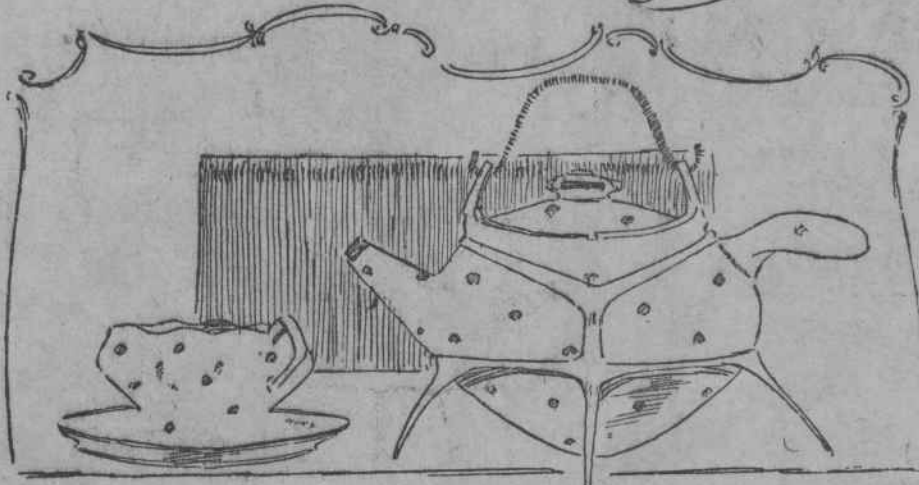
the boys and the girls is the most alluring. For the little fellow there are soldier sets and fireman's sets, a circus clown who rides a see-saw with a lion and a tiger; a bicycle that runs all round the room, and a street car drawn by wooden horses and filled with wooden passengers. There are stone blocks and wooden blocks. There are ninepins that are zouaves, and there are elephants and cows, each with wisely bobbing heads, besides a genuine express wagon with horses and driver, carrying a load of alphabet blocks.

For the girls there are dolls—dolls first of all and dressed in costumes at once charming and sensible. Then there are sofas for these same young women to occupy, and dishes and knives, forks and the like with which their tables are to be spread. There are pewter sets for the little ones, who will break more



Christmas Gifts That Would Buy a Business Outfit for a Working Girl.

Most of them would be considered plain and ordinary gifts by the ultra-fashionable people who like to see articles of everyday use, like bells and brushes, stuck all over with jewels. The gems are the things that cost, particularly if they're of the first quality. Take out the gems, and the \$500 high combs, the \$1,000 vinaigrettes and the \$1,500 jewel studded lorgnettes become plain combs, scent bottles and glasses, within the reach of every buyer.



IT IS apparently the object of the ultra-fashionable Christmas shopper to see, not how much can be got for the almighty dollar, but rather to find rhyme and reason for the most absurd expenditures that the word "gift" can suggest.

So-called useful articles are pressed into service, but so adorned and bedecked with rare jewels that their original purpose is wholly lost sight of. One of the handsomest Christmas gifts that has been ordered from a fashionable Broadway jeweller this year is a diamond thimble. This most elaborate thimble that was ever made to satisfy Beauty's whims will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000. Two thousand dollars was the limit set by the enamoured youth whose bank account is of that swollen character that will carry him swimmingly through even the strain of a modern Christmas shopping tour. The entire top of this unique addition to what used to be known as a "working basket" is a five carat diamond. Below the gold scroll work is a row of rubies. One side of the thimble carries a diamond monogram and the other the date in rubies. Jewelled thimbles, costing but \$500 and \$1,000, are really not unusual orders for fashionable jewellers to receive at this season of the year. Very pretty examples of the goldsmith's skill in this direction can also be got as low as \$100 and \$200 when the less expensive emeralds or opals are used.

When, however, the fiancée is just an old-fashioned girl who does not believe in exhausting all her lover's patrimony on her own caprices, dainty enamelled thimbles are selected. They cost \$25 to \$30, enough to buy a whole business outfit for a working girl.

The young man who plans to outfit a work basket completely for his sweetheart, even exclusive of the diamond thimble, knows not on what financial quicksands he builds. In the first place he will find that the basket of woven gold thread will cost at least \$100, the thimble surely not less than \$500, and the necessary sets of scissors, with their jewelled handles, from \$100 to \$200 apiece. Then there are spool holders with diamond monograms and gold pin trays and an emery lining with a golden chain. In fact, \$500 will be a moderate sum for the young man's first lesson in domestic economy. A jewelled lorgnette is another absurdly expensive present. The finest one yet ordered for Christmas is gold ornamented with sprays of forget-me-nots, the small blue blossoms represented by turquoise, outlined with diamonds.

Even more extravagant is the Christmas vinaigrette. The gem-bedecked stopper for elaborate vinaigrettes has been the fashion for some time, but the very newest and latest fad is to have the entire stopper a single large gem. When the bottle is decorated with diamonds the stopper is a five carat diamond and the vinaigrette costs around \$2,000.

A most novel gift for a literary millionaire is a special edition of his favorite poet bound in velvet and printed on parchment with beautiful original engravings as illustrations. Not hundreds, but thousands of dollars are easily involved in this expression of affection.

TO MAKE THIS BOOK CUT HERE

Pwit-Pwit and the Monkey People



WHEN the weather is cold it is not easy for Pwit-Pwit, King of the Sparrows, and official gossip monger of the Central Park Jungle, to obtain access to the Monkey People, who, being thin skinned and addicted to colds in the head, are then kept closely confined in their well warmed Winter house. For that reason Pwit-Pwit does not bother with the monkeys unless he has a bit of gossip which he thinks will annoy them; in that case—for in his heart Pwit-Pwit despises the Monkey People as an idle, chattering lot of good-for-nothings—he waits patiently for a chance to dart in when the door is opened to admit the Little Limping Boy, or some other visitor. It so happened on a bright, cold morning that the sparrow picked up just such a bit of gossip while taking his early breakfast with Dozel, the most slender-limbed and graceful of the herd of beautiful Indian Deer.

"Why are you so sad this morning?" asked Pwit-Pwit. "The weather is simply perfect."

But Dozel merely sighed and nibbled at the dried heads of a wisp of young timothy grass.

"You ought to be happy," continued the sparrow; "you certainly never looked handsomer, with your brown skin so soft and velvety that the little white spots look like snow flakes, and your eyes so clear and tender—tut, tut, now, Dozel, my dear. The idea of your crying on a morning like this!"

"I can't help it," whimpered the beautiful creature, "it's enough to make any one weep." And with Pwit-Pwit warming his feet in the velvety hair of her back Dozel took a turn about the yard.

"And I'm blest if you're not limping; you of all people in the world!" said Pwit-Pwit in astonishment.

"It's out of sympathy," sighed Dozel. "When I think of my own legs, so straight and slender and swift, I always remember the Little Limping Boy and his poor crooked leg with the iron on it. He was here this morning. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"True, it is very sad," said Pwit-Pwit, soberly; "but what can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"The worst part of it is," said Dozel, "that there is something about his walk that reminds me of those chattering, screaming people in the Big Jungle."

"Hello," interrupted sparrow, "is that your opinion of 'em, too? Well, that's too good to keep. I'll go straight to the monkeys with that, and when they know that it comes from you they won't be any happier than you

are, my dear. My, oh, my, but won't it make 'em wild? I'll go straight to that idiot, Mr. Riley. Just listen for him to jabber himself blue in the face."

Without waiting for Dozel's reply the sparrow flew straight to the Winter house of the Monkey People, where, by good fortune, he found the door ajar. In went Pwit-Pwit and, chirping in malicious pleasure, perched himself on the rail just beyond the reach of Mr. Riley's nimble fingers.

Now Mr. Riley is a very learned monkey, having enjoyed the society of men for quite a number of years. He had had breakfast and was picking his teeth. Pwit-Pwit was so startled at his resemblance to the man who carried the plaster when the bears' den was being repaired that he was quite civil at first.

"Good morning, Mr. Riley, are you feeling quite well?" said Pwit-Pwit.

"So, so," answered the monkey, eyeing the sparrow with much deliberation. "You haven't got a cigar about you, have you?"

"Bless me!" said Pwit-Pwit, astounded. "You don't



"PULL HIS FEATHERS OUT!" SCREAMED JOCKO, mean to say you smoke?"

"Had my cigar after breakfast every morning when I was acting in a theatre over on Broadway," said Mr. Riley. "Seems that smoking is not allowed here."

"Do you find it hard going without?"

"If they would let me taper off I wouldn't mind it so much," said Mr. Riley; "but this stopping all at once is rather trying to the nerves."

With this remark Mr. Riley threw away the straw he had been using as a toothpick and came as close to Pwit-Pwit as the bars of his cage would let him. The sparrow told him how he had found Dozel weeping over the misfortune of the Little Limping Boy, reserving the deer's disparaging remark about monkeys for a parting shot. All at once Mr. Riley began to snivel and moan, while two tears rolled down his nose.

"Hello, there! What's the matter with you?" demanded Pwit-Pwit.

The monkey made no reply, but began limping around the sides of his cage moaning and shedding tears as though heart broken.

"Oh, I see," said Pwit-Pwit, "you're sorry for the Little

Limping Boy, too."

"I have a fellow-feeling for him," answered the monkey.

"Why, you miserable upstart!" exclaimed Pwit-Pwit, indignantly.

The sparrow would have said more but for the sudden change in Mr. Riley's manner. The monkey was touching the side of his head with his right hand.

"What are you up to now?" he demanded.

"Saluting my unfortunate distant relation," said Mr. Riley, who then went on moaning and weeping worse than before.

Pwit-Pwit looked around and saw the Little Limping Boy, who stood near, gazing sympathetically at the weeping monkey. Then he ruffled up the feathers of his neck angrily and said:

"Do you mean to say that you believe yourself to be related to this boy who will grow into a man some day?"

"That's what they say over at the theatre on Broadway. There isn't much difference between a monkey and a man, except the clothes. Look for yourself." And Mr. Riley placed his right elbow in his left hand and rested his chin on his right hand, just as the Little Limping Boy was doing.

Pwit-Pwit looked first at the Little Limping Boy and then at Mr. Riley, and for a moment did not know what answer to make. Then he caught sight of the monkey's tail, which Mr. Riley was trying to conceal behind him.

"Aha!" chirped the sparrow, exultantly. "If you are related to men, what about your tail?"

"None of your business, you meddlesome, gossiping little wretch," said Mr. Riley in a passion. And he made a grab for Pwit-Pwit through the bars of his cage, but could not quite reach him.

"Look out! That's against the Law of the Jungle," said Pwit-Pwit, warningly. Then, thinking he had spent quite enough of his valuable time on a good-for-nothing monkey, he said:

"Do you know what Dozel, the young Indian deer, says about monkeys? She says they are chattering, screaming nobodies. Aha, Mr. Riley, what do you say to that?"

At this taunt Mr. Riley nearly ex-



ploded with passion. He clenched his hand and shook it at the sparrow, and screamed at the top of his voice:

"Jocko! Jocko! Did you hear? This meddlesome wretch of a sparrow says we are chattering nobodies!"

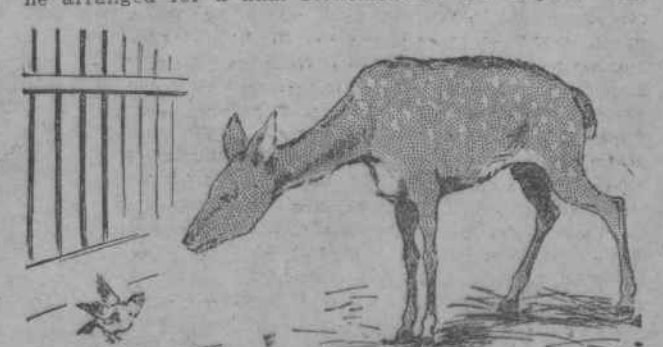
Jocko, the tottering old baboon, whose cage is on the other side of the monkey house, turned blue in the face with anger.

"Catch him and pull his feathers out!" he screamed. "Never mind the Law."

But Pwit-Pwit kept well out of Mr. Riley's reach. By this time the little long-tailed monkeys with black caps and high pitched voices, living next door to Jocko, were chattering and shrieking at a fearful rate.

"My goodness!" said the Little Limping Boy to himself, "what can the sparrow have said to make them so angry?"

When the monkeys had chattered and shrieked themselves hoarse Mr. Riley commanded them to be silent while he arranged for a final settlement of the dispute. He



"WHY ARE YOU SO SAD THIS MORNING?"

walked in a dignified manner about his cage until he had recovered his breath, and then said sternly to Pwit-Pwit:

"You are only a foolish little bird with a great deal to learn yet. Is there any one in the Jungle whose word you will believe?"

"Yes," answered Pwit-Pwit. "There is Calph, the old hippopotamus. He is very old and very wise, and he always tells the truth—which is more than can be said of monkeys."

"Very well," said Mr. Riley. "Go and ask Calph if it is not true that the first man and the first monkey were made out of the same lump of clay long, long ago on the bank of the River Nile. Tell him to lift up his voice when he answers so that we can all hear."

"Agreed," said the sparrow; "and when you hear old Calph's answer be careful that you don't burst with anger."

Then, while Mr. Riley continued to walk about his cage in a dignified manner, Pwit-Pwit flew to the door. The Little Limping Boy, seeing that the sparrow wished to leave the monkey house, opened the door; and when he noticed that the bird fluttered, chirping, to the door of the house where Calph spends his Winters, he followed quickly and let him in.